'Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction'

Stories are told from one to another and the Facts change. Each time its passed on a little change happens. Sometimes its embellioned, sometimes less than original. After it travels around the Block, Your thinking you just heard something new. If there is a Car accident or much worse a Crime, Five People will tell different versions and they were all 'Eye' Witnessed. People will tell a True Story by Facial Expressions or there Hands. I repeate, when it gets back to you, its all changed. What Im going to tell happend Sixty Four Years ago. Its April of Two Thousand Nine now. The subject of my Story happened about the end of March Nineteen Forty Five. I wrote about this in another article called 'A Soldier's Story' but not every body reads everything! For those who didn't, here goes. I was Shot and almost Decapitated, but that was not the worse of it. The little 'enemy' were smaller than a needle point and another was about as small as a head of a pin. The way I encoundered them goes like this. To keep warm in combat was

to pull Drapes from Houses from Towns that we had invaded. But one time we slept in Barns with Hundreds of slit open Burlap Bags. Of coarse we slept fully clothed with our Boots + Helmets on + our Riffles. I can't remember how ~~of~~ old my Kids were when I told them of some of my overseas stories, probaly about twenty Five or Thirty years later, probaly when I started watching the History Channel. If you have a dream you can remember the highlights ~~but~~ but as the day goes on, it dims + you forget the whole story the folling day because it 'never' 'happened'. But ~~it~~ if it really happeneds it comes out the same way all the time. a couple of us must have gotten the bad Burlap Bags ~~If they told som~~ But if my Family told the Story it probaly changed a little bit like I said in the beginning. But with mi't never changes. We were pulled out of Combat + the Russians whent into Berlin as the war was about over for us. We were in a Town called Rosla and we got Showers from big Canvas Bags ~~with~~

with holes in the Bottom. We got new Boxer Shorts, Pants, + Shirts, + Winter was over. Thats the first Shower since Nov. of 44. 'Five Months' We Washed our Hair + all over. Army ~~Coats~~ Coats + Blankets. ~~Felt~~ Felt wonderfull. But about Two O clock in the morning the little enemy I was telling you about thought it was party time. We had gotten rid of the 'Fleas' but the little enemy was still there. The Army gave us some Blue stuff but the little guys wouldn't go away. They came every night just like Clock work. 'Scabies'. now you know. I don't know how I ever thought of it. The Story hasn't changed in Sixty Four years. I had never heard of my solution but I was probaly the first Man in the United States Military then + probaly to this day. In the rear ~~of~~ lots of German Houses ~~they~~ had big wash Tubs probaly for Boiling Clothes. O ther guys helped me + we whent to the Motor ~~Pole~~ Poole + Started carring Five Gallon Cans of '100 Octane Gasoline' until we filled the big metal tubs with enough

for me to kneel ~~down~~ down low. I'm pretty sure I held my Nose + ~~the~~ the ~~old~~ other guys pushed me down until I was completly sumerged for about "Thirty Seconds". I didnt tell you before but I was completly naked, aftir all we were all Male Soldiers When I stood up I was loosing skin off my lips + Eyelids, but Gasoline dries fast. I wheet inick + with new Clothes I got dresed. That was the first nights sleep I had in Weeks. Some how or ever I had killed the 'Scalies'. Our little 'Click' was about Six or Seven Guys, I'm not sure. One was a guy from out West. Bob Sites was another, he was from Milwaukee Wisconson. Another was Roy ~~Henkie~~ Henkel from Naperville, Illinois. My memory isn't to clear on who, but somebody ~~followed~~ FOLLOWED me because he was ~~stripped~~ Stripped down too. The little 'Enemys' are caused from not washing or Bathing. If it happened to me now, I can't see why? The last thing I would ever ~~even~~ think about is Gasoline. I'd probaly call "911". How could I even dream up something like that

Theres a lot of difference between Nineteen + ~~Sixty~~ Eighty Three. I started off with 'Truth Is Stranger Than Ficton'. Truth means we can put a Man on the Moon. Fiction is a S.U.V. gets a Hundred Miles to the ~~per~~ Gallon of Cooking Oil. I'll never get the Medal of Honor, or a Presidential Citation - Not even a Silver Star. All I ever did at the time was to kill a few little 'Bugs'.

Jim M.

P.S: - Since I wrote the above article about Scabies + Flease, there is a remote possibility I contacted them at a Consentration or Extermination Camp while walking between the Dead and Burnt Humanity. We were looking for the Guards trying to look + hide like any living pathetic Souls. But the living had already Killed them.

Jim M.